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FULL O' BRAG.

When I watch you an' your mother
scramblin' round an' playin' tag,
An' you with curls a-tossin' as yeh run,
I swear that on the quiet I'm so dad-
burned full o' brag
That I think the world don't hold an-
other one
That kin hold a candle to yeh, that kin
laugh as loud as you,
That is half the treasure you are to
your dad;
Bet they ain't another baby with such
eyes o' bonny blue,
Or another one whose laugh is half as
glad.

Bet they ain't another baby when the
sand man comes around
That snuggles down to slumber like you
do,
An' they ain't another baby when it's
been undressed an' gowned
That looks half so like an angel, dear,
as you;
An' they ain't another daddy standin' by
a trundle-bed
An' lookin' on another baby form
That is buildin' half the castles I'm a-
buildin' in my head;
Or another one whose heart feels half
so warm.

Bet I like to see you mornin's half asleep
an' half awake,
Like a dimpled little Cupid curled an'
pink,
An' to see your little paddies both up-
held for dad to take,
An' your eyes now wide in wonder, now
a-blink;
Oh! whatever years may fetch me, so
they leave me, dear, but you,
Will find me well content to bear the
load
So they leave but you beside me an' your
eyes o' twinklin' blue
A-smilin' up to mine along the road.

So I watch you an' your mother playin'
tag around the house,
Or tippy-toein' round at peek-a-boo,
Now a-yellin' just for gladness, now as
still as any mouse;
Never knowin' all the time I'm watchin'
you;
Never guessin' half the pleasure you're
a-givin' your old dad,
Who sets an' sizes you up as you run
'Til his heart just beats in jig-time he's
a-feelin' so derned glad
An' he grabs an' hugs you to him when
you're done.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

MAN WHO MADE THE SUN SHINE.

BY LULU JUDSON.

Whether it was the melancholy that comes sometimes with the twilight of a summer evening, or that the trials of past months had multiplied beyond the point of endurance, as Richard stood on the bridge and looked down on the slow-moving water of the river he was assailed with a terrible temptation. His heart stood still at the thought, but it was characteristic of him that he did not strive to put the suggestion from him, but faced it squarely, weighing the arguments for and against with a kind of grim deliberation.

There is a wide difference in the point of view from which people regard life and its vicissitudes. There are those who pass through the fires and come forth with faces unlined and bubbling with laughter. Trouble may touch them for a time, but it leaves no trace behind. Then there are others who from babyhood look out with wise and solemn eyes upon the world, instinctively seeing and feeling all of its tragedies, though striving with steady cheerfulness to rise above them. The difference is temperamental and due, physiologists contend, as much to the make-up of the physical as the mental organism.

Richard's childhood had been happy, but at the end of his college days he found himself alone and without resources. His father and mother dying within a short time of each other, an investigation showed the family fortunes to be seriously depleted through a number of unfortunate business ventures. These troubles were particularly hard to bear, as he was deeply in love with and engaged to be married to a lovely girl, whose relations were people of wealth and who objected to her alliance with a penniless young man without prospects. Nevertheless she had married him, and barring troubles incident to ill-health and little money, they had been happy. When a beautiful, high-spirited woman, used only to luxury, gives it all up, and for love's sake enters upon a life of comparative poverty, there are sure to be many painful days not only for her but for her husband, and this no matter what the depth of their affection for each other. Indeed, the deeper the love, the more painful the experiences. Richard had striven with all his might to lighten the load for his young wife, but she had taken up her burden, and he had found with bitterness that he could not carry it for her. This manufacturing town, in which they were forced to live because he had secured a place in the office of the mills, proved an uncongenial environment. The majority of the inhabitants were of a rough class, the place was unhealthy, and their two children had sickened. A change seemed imperative. But the money was spent as fast as made, and now the mills, as was customary, were closed down for the summer months. Richard had to secure another place at once, and the only one to be had was in a neighboring town, which would necessitate his being away from his family all of the week. He ground his teeth when he thought of leaving his wife behind, lonely and anxious, with their two sick children. Life seemed inexpressibly dreary and sad and the future hopeless.

It was at this point, when gazing in deep dejection at the river, that he remembered his life insurance. He had managed always, through some sacrifice, self-denial or extra effort, to keep it up. If he were dead, his wife would be provided for, for some years to come at least. She would be independent of her rich relations, to whom he knew she would never willingly appeal. She could leave this smoky, unlovely place, her life could be made easy, their children could have proper medical attention. If he were dead!

Now and then a boat would glide down the river, and the sound of laughter and singing would arise to where Richard stood on the bridge. Presently a movement aroused him, and turning, he saw a man standing near, leaning on the rail and looking down at the water. The stranger, who was small and thin, wore blue goggles, and carried his arm in a sling.

"I don't suppose," he ventured, "that a fellow who can't use but one arm could do much with a boat."

There was a very pleasant quality to his voice, and Richard looked at him more closely. His face was small and weazened, and there were deep lines, sometimes called laughing wrinkles, about his eyes and mouth.

"No," replied Richard, "I don't suppose he could. Something wrong with your arm?"

"Yes, I hurt it over at the mills. Had a pretty good job over there, but tore my arm all to pieces one day. Doctor thought sure he would have to take it off."

"Too bad," Richard. "That was pretty hard luck."

"That's right, but it's getting better now. Trouble is, I won't be able to use it for months, and I can't get a job. Do you know people don't like to give work to a crippled man? Funny, isn't it?"

"Pretty hard, I should say.

"I never was one of these left handed people, but it looks as though there might be something I could do. My cousin's got a boat he didn't use much, and as folks seem to like ridin' around on the river, I was thinking I might pick up a little something that way, but of course I couldn't do it with one arm," and he laughed without bitterness.

"I've been driving a peddler's cart," he went on. "Easy old horse—didn't need no driving to speak of. But my eyes gave out and the doctor said I must keep out of the sun. Eyes always been kind-a weak."

"It is a serious thing to have any trouble with the eyes," said Richard, who wore glasses himself.

"It is that, especially when you want to go to work. But I get along all right," added the little man.

"It seems to me you have had more than your share of trouble," said Richard, sympathetically.

"O, I don't know. It's been pretty hard, but everybody's unlucky sometimes. I've got lots to be thankful for. For one thing"—and he laughed with some embarrassment—"for one thing, I've got a girl."

"Well, I suppose that does make a difference," Richard remarked.

"You bet. Makes all the difference in the world. You wouldn't think it now to look at me, would you?—an ornery, no-account fellow like me—but I've got one of the finest girls in the world." His face kindled as he spoke. "I hope you've got one yourself," he said, and there was a touch of diffidence in his tone.

Richard's natural reserve kept him silent for a moment, but a glance at the pleasant, smiling face before him disarmed him.

"Yes," he answered, "I have been married to her for five years."

"Five years," and the stranger whistled softly. "Been married to her five years," he repeated, enviously. "Ey, but you're lucky." After a moment he went on: "My girl sews for a living. Her pa's dead and she's had to run the house. Her ma's sickly. We've been engaged now four years, and I did think we'd been married before now. Had to put it off first because my brother died and there wasn't anybody but me to look after the widow and her children. She married after a bit, though. Nice, likely woman; did first rate, too. Then I hurt my arm, and then my eyes gave out. Looks like fate's against it. But it don't make any difference to my girl. She'd marry me to-morrow if I said the word."

"She has stood by you, has she?"

"Stood by me! Well, I should say so. But I wouldn't marry that girl like this for anything in the world. You know it wouldn't be right," and he looked at Richard appealingly. "No, sir, I've seen that sort of thing too often. The first thing I knew I'd be satisfied to sit around and watch my wife support me, and she already with a sickly mother! She'd be perfectly willing to do it. I tell her i looks like the more things happen to me the more she thinks of me," and he laughed again.

"That frequently is the case with women," said Richard, thoughtfully.

"They're the best and the queerest creatures on earth," said the stranger, "and the Lord only knows what we would do without them."

While they talked, darkness had softly fallen, and the two men, with a common impulse, turned towards the town. Lights wwere twikling in the houses as they passed, and there was the odor of frying meat in the air. The crickets chirped loudly from the river banks, and as they walked briskly along, the little man began to whistle a gay two-step. Richard decided he would take his new position at once. It would not be for long. The summer months would soon pass and the mills would open again. His heart began to hunger for his wife and the little ones, and he quickened his pace. Presently his companion turned down a side street.

"Well, good-night," he said.

"Good-night," called Richard. "Better luck."

"O, I'm all right," said the little man, cheerfully, and he disappeared in the darkness.

A few more steps brought Richard to the small cottage where they lived. As he approached he saw his wife's white-clad figure at the gate. She was peering into the darkness.

"Is that you, Richard?" she called, anxiously.

"Yes," he answered as he came up. "Anything wrong, sweetheart?"

"O, no," she replied with evident relief. "The children are better this evening. I was just a little—anxious."

"Anxious about me?" he expostulater. "What nonsense!"

She laughed tremulously. "You have been rather depressed of late," she murmured.

"Well, you need not worry," and he took her fondly in his arms. "I'll never do anything reckless as long as I've got a girl like you."

"Why, Richard," she exclaimed, opening wide her eyes. "What an expression!"

But a moment later, a little man, whistling down a side street, paused to listen as their happy laughter floated to him through the summer night.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

As Age Advances.

A person usually begins to lose height at the age of 50, and at the age of 90 it is estimated that on the average he has lost about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Invariably.

A child always unties a string with its teeth.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

The Need of Good Highways

By R. W. RICHARDSON,
Secretary National Good Roads Association.

The almost impassable condition of the public highways during the past winter and spring has most forcibly demonstrated the necessity for their permanent improvement. Many sections of the country where the business and farming interests were either openly opposed or indifferent to improving the public roads, are now giving the subject thoughtful consideration in an honest endeavor to device methods and means for securing a permanent system of good roads for their counties and districts.

In many parts of the country transportation by vehicle has been wholly suspended for weeks at a time. It has been impossible to move the products from the farm to the market centers, and the business of many of the towns and cities has been paralyzed, and trade suspended because the impassable condition of the roads would not allow the farmers and trading people to get into town. The local merchants have suffered, and the jobber likewise by reason of the lessening of the demand for merchandise, and the delay and default in the collection of their bills. Commission men, and stock and grain dealers, railroads and other business interests, have likewise suffered.

The Standard Oil company has had hundreds of its wagons and teams tied up and its oil delivery business practically suspended for weeks at a time, entailing heavy expense and losses, without calculating the inconvenience to the numbers of people depending upon these deliveries for their light, and in many cases fuel.

The rural delivery of mail has been very much embarrassed, it being a frequent occurrence for the delivery to be suspended for days at a time. The post office department requires that the roads shall be kept in good passable condition wherever rural delivery roads are established. The past season has shown that the system of inspection is at fault. The postmasters fail to make reports, and the carriers endure these conditions without complaint for fear they might lose their jobs, and thus the efficient mail service required and promised by the department is not obtained. Stricter rules of inspection must be enforced and special inspectors must report on the road conditions from time to time, and the department insist upon better roads. The business men and people in the towns and cities are beginning to apprehend that they are affected and materially concerned in the subject of highway improvement.

Commercial bodies are directing attention to the subject and are learning that highway improvement does not belong solely to the rural districts. It is unjust and inequitable to lay the burden of their cost and maintenance upon the farming classes. Improved roads are for the benefit of all and their cost and maintenance should be shared by all. The state, county and district, and, at least in some instances, the general government should cooperate a proportionate share of their cost of construction. There should be one comprehensive, classified system of roads under proper state and county supervision. Competent, practical engineers should have charge of all work, and modern methods and strict business principles applied to their management. Enough money is wasted each year to give to each state and community a good system of roads, if properly applied.

While improved conditions may be had by grading, crowning and draining earth roads, still the fact remains that these roads will not endure the frost and wet seasons of winter and spring, and resist the traffic that must go over them during these seasons; therefore it is absolutely essential that counties and districts, while continuing the improvement of their earth roads, must inaugurate and carry forward a system of macadamizing and surfacing at least their main thoroughfares with durable material. This can be accomplished by proper determination upon the part of the people of each county, and in a way not to be burdensome, if the cost is properly equalized and apportioned. The people of no town, city, county or district have ever yet complained or regretted the improvement of their streets and their highways.

In fact, these primary and necessary improvements always increase the pride, contentment and prosperity of the people.

Portrait of the Ideal Lawyer

By HON. HIRAM F. STEVENS,
President of American Bar Association.

THE ideal lawyer is harder to find than he is to define. It is an easy task and pleasant one, too, to discover some of his qualifications in every good lawyer, but the rare combination in one individual of all the traits requisite to the most perfect type of lawyer, at least as he is idealized in my own mind, is seldom or never found. The true lawyer is one who by that protected patience which Buffon has declared to be the equivalent of genius, or, as Carlyle phrases it, "the transcendent capacity for taking pains," has mastered the principles of law as well as the tedious details of their technical application to the affairs of life; who loves justice so thoroughly that, in so far as in him lies, he endeavors to make it synonymous with law; who esteems honor above riches, and self-respect above popular acclaim; who refuses to prostitute talent to wealth or power; who is the friend and counsellor of the poor and lowly, and whose advice is never colored by interest or exigencies; who scorns all meanness and trickeries and holds his word above reproach; who deems every place where justice is administered, however humble, a temple sacred to its rites, and himself its reverent and fearless minister. The ideal lawyer is the one who at the end of his career can feel and say: I found law dear; I helped to make it cheap; I found it a sealed book; I have helped to make it a living letter; I found it the patrimony of the rich, but I strove to leave it as inheritance of the poor; I found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, but I have steadfastly striven to make it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence. This then is my portrait of the ideal, the true lawyer.